

TILTON TALK



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TILTON TALK

EDITORIAL

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Co-Editors: T/5 Pearl T. Jackson, R. B. Waxman

Contributors: Lt. Walker, S/Sgt Judge, T/5 Ely Friedman, Pfc Stone, Pfc Rizzardi

Artist: Sgt. Mike Piezzo

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January is the month for the making and breaking of New Year's Resolutions. As Volume 5 of TILTON TALK goes to press, we have already relegated to the limbo our firm resolve to "eat less, smoke less, get more sleep, don't allow laundry to accumulate, answer letters promptly, quit writing home for money, use fewer invectives, and discontinue the practice of cracking small children over the head with a lead pipe." We have also discarded our pledge to adopt a benevolent attitude toward non-coms; to volunteer for emergency duty; to sweep our floor once a week whether it needs it or not; to donate our free time to orientation programs, company meetings and such-like cheerfully, with grateful hearts; to spend our weekends off post catching up on our reading; and to discontinue our quaint custom of occasionally voicing mild complaint regarding army chow, army clothing, army discipline, army rules and regulations, army red-tape, etc. In other words, to avoid falling into the category of those wretched scoundrels who are rumored to be "fed up with the set-up."

But there are resolutions and RESOLUTIONS. We weren't really serious about the trivial ones, anyway, and didn't expect them to alter profoundly our accustomed pattern of existence. However, we submit herewith a resolve which we believe should occupy primary place in the minds and hearts of all of us here at Tilton General Hospital,—in the mind and heart of every American within the continental limits of the United States:

"I pledge that I will devote every particle of my strength and energy to the speedy and successful conclusion of this war; that I, here in the States, will consecrate myself as wholeheartedly to the achievement of Victory as our men in Germany, Italy, Belgium, Igo to—our American fighting men on all the far-flung battlefields of the world; that I will cheerfully, thankfully and religiously dedicate my mind and body to the tasks at hand, firm in the knowledge that our cause is just, our strength is mighty, our triumph inevitable."

In blunt, un-Johnsonian terminology, it reads like this: "I'll get on the ball and stay there until this job is done. I'll give it all I got, and keep plugging till the guys over there come home."

CHAPLAIN'S PAGE

By CHAPLAIN LOUIS B. KINES

Cartoonists like to represent the New Year as a clean page in an open book. The New Year is much more than that; it is a complete new book handed to each member of mankind. At the end of 1945, the record of the book is made by the eternal accountant, Almighty God, to last forever.

What will our individual record be? If we consider only the vast book which will contain the troubled history of the world, we could wisely become discouraged. Will the war end? Will we win the peace? What kind of world order will grow out of this year? Will man become freer, better, stronger, more God-like? Or will we be faced with horrible problems and vast international struggles and difficulties that defy our puny minds and weakened hands? What can I do about world affairs?

You and I are mighty small parts of all men - one - out of a world of nearly a billion men. A small entity affecting the course of history almost not at all. Sounds terrific? But it is not altogether true. We are big and very important because we have the Supreme Being, God Almighty, very interested in each of us individually. There are no mobs, or masses, or nations, or states, or countries, with God. He created each one of us singly to His own image and likeness for the eternal purpose of being His friend forever. Our immortal souls did not come off of an assembly line or from a factory. God created it personally with its own individual characteristics - we are, each one, ourself - period.

Another year of 365 days to shape our destiny for 365 millions of years - forever and a day... It's the biggest job because if well done, all is well. If not - but why discuss failure when it is so simple to succeed.

Free cigarettes

ATTENTION ALL PATIENTS: A certain organization in upper New York State desires to send a gift of cigarettes to patients of Tilton General Hospital whose homes are located in the following counties of western New York State:

ERIE

NIAGARA

GENESSEE

WYOMING

ORLEANS

CATTARAUGUS

CHAUTAUQUA

ALLEGHENY

All patients interested in this offer will kindly notify the Public Relations Office, Warehouse 5, Tilton General Hospital, by note (not telephone), at their earliest possible convenience.

REGISTRAR'S PARTY

ATTENDANCE: Approximately 70

PLACE: White Horse, Bordentown, New Jersey

DATE: Thursday, 21 December 1944

COMMENTS: Sgt. Pels and Bob Allen of Surgical Service present.....James Salvatore of the Pharmacy dancing in his own style with Mary Chick.....Gerry Moshu of the Registrar chasing blues with a merry smile.....John Bray of the Post Office doing a grand job even with a broken arm.....Shorty Forst of the Annex rambling in with Tinker Peters (where's Pels?).....Nick Weted of the Post Surgeon's Office dancing very ably in spite of his illness.....Lt. Trippel, Lt. Curtin, Lt. Jackson, Lt. Whittingham of the MDRP joining the party very nicely.....Mr. Dugan of the VAF running the games.....

Lt. Clark of AAF taking care of the girls in his own envious fashion (How was Gerry, Lt.?).....Mrs. Wexler patiently waiting for Lt. Wexler to return from DS in New York City during the day.....Sgt. Altig always playing the hot music on the juke box.....Lucille Norship taking care of the MDRP officers.....Sgt. Fewlass taking care of the girls as usual.....Who brought the cat?.....McDonald representing the baggage room.....Lt. Sears pleasing everyone by her lovely dancing.....Sgt. Burkhardt of the Air Base a welcome guest.....Mr. Kecke of the PO drinking Christmas cheer.....Capt. Alter of the WAC a very very welcome guest.....Leona Seavy having a grand time.....

Lt. Shea laughing heartily at Joe Zuer jokes (where's Mrs. Shea, Lt.?).....Leona Seavey winning the Yo Yo game.....Brookstein handing out passes to every-one.....Everyone sang Merry Xmas with June Gibbs leading very nicely.....Louise Ponzi taking care of the Tilton MP as usual.....What is Lt. Shea going to do with the rattle he won in the officers obstacle contest?.....One guess, Lt.....Sgt. Pamperin of the Registrar in charge of activities.....Sgt. Berry with his usual big smile.....The Queen of the Registrar taking care of the boys.....Cpl. Newberg enjoying her own special mixture (what's in it anyway, Alice?).....Sgt. Sweeney of the AAF Liaison Office hugging the mike all evening. What's wrong with the girls, Jack?

TAKE YOUR PICK

"We do not recognize any tradition of civil rights. A judge has no right of interpretation in the face of the Fuehrer's decisions."

—DR. HANS FRANK, Nazi Minister of Justice

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

—THE BILL OF RIGHTS, ARTICLE I

WHISPERS

BY S/SGT EDDIE JUDGE

Short description of a furlough to California.....Ride four days....Rest five days....Ride four days.....Rest two days.....

Joe Rozof quietly planned to sneak away on a Christmas furlough and get married, but his plans went haywire when the furlough was postponed....When Joe does get his furlough, look for him to come back a Benedict.....(Joe denies it, but who can believe Joe???).....

Keep your ears listening for a new tune called "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola". We'll go out on the limb on this one and predict it will be another "Mairzy Dcates".....Tilton received a treat on Tuesday, Jan. 6, when Connie Boswell visited us....After an S.R.O. performance at the Rec Hall in the afternoon, this charming star visited four wards, where she sang for the bed patients.....

On Tuesday, January 9th, we had Les Brown, Four Chicks and a Chuck, and the "Princess" from the Bob Hope picture, "The Princess and the Pirate", Virginia Mayo, cutting V-discs at the Rec Hall.....The Les Brown Orchestra had the fellers jumpin' both during and after the performance, and the rest of the show was a treat to the eyes and ears.....We'll have more of these V-disc recordings made here in the near future.....

MEET YOUR SPECIAL SERVICE OFFICER

Captain Robert M. Cushing, QMC, attended Howe Military Academy in Indiana for three years, and Wayne University for two years.....Worked on the DETROIT NEWS as lay-out editor for national advertising in the rotogravure section, and as announcer for the DETROIT NEWS radio station, WWJ, over the N.B.C. network..... During this time he tried out for second baseman and shortstop on the Detroit Tigers American League baseball team..... Played with them in Florida for almost two years, and then returned to newspaper work.....Entered the Army on 30 January 1941, and went to Fort Custer, Michigan, as a buck private.....From there he was assigned to the Army Induction Center in Detroit, where he spent a year and a half....Took his basic at Fort Sheridan, Ill., where he reached the grade of buck sergeant....Entered O.C.S. at Camp Lee, Va., in July, 1942, and graduated as a 2nd Lt. in October, 1942....He was then assigned to the Tenth Regiment, a basic training outfit at Camp Lee, as instructor....After a month there he was assigned as Special Service Officer, QMTC.....Was sent to the Special Service School at Washington and Lee in December 1942, from where he was graduated in January 1943....He was promoted to 1st Lt. in February 1943, and was sent back to Camp Lee as Special Service Officer, QMTC....Was promoted to Captain in January 1944, and stayed at Camp Lee until February, then went back to Washington and Lee for two weeks....From there he was sent to Camp Sibert, Ala., where he was on overseas orders to tour the West Indies with the Air Transport Command as Special Service Officer....The orders were revoked at the last minute, and he was sent to Chicago, Ill., as Athletic Officer for the entire Sixth Service Command....Toured this Command from April until October, when many of the camps were closed, and was sent then to Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan....Again he received his overseas orders, and when he reported to Camp Sibert was sent to the Second Service Command for temporary duty, and from there was sent to Tilton. (The Captain is on the ball, and we expect some swell recreational programs in the near future. They have started already, as you can see.)

G.I. SIDELIGHTS

ANYBODY WANT \$25,000,000? (Washington) - The Veterans' Administration disclosed that it has \$25,000,000 going begging - bonus money due 30,000 veterans of World War I.

740 IN 1 BATTALION AWARDED BRONZE STAR (ETO) - Bronze Star Medal awards to more than 740 infantrymen of one battalion of the U.S. Army's 1st Division for "heroic achievements" on D-Day in the invasion of Normandy has been announced by the War Department.

NAZIS HAVE NEW WAY OF ARRANGING BOOKS - (Brussels) - When the Nazis occupied Brussels, they instituted the "New Order" in all the libraries. Deciding the regular custom of arranging books according to subject was wrong, they arranged them according to size, "to give the place neatness and order."

13,717 TONS OF BOMBS DROPPED ON BERLIN (Washington) - The 4 cities most heavily bombed in the Army Air Force's offensive against Germany and German-occupied territory during the 3-year period between Dec. 7, 1941 and Dec. 7, 1944 were: Berlin, 13,717 tons, Ploesti, 13,098 tons, Munich, 12,937 tons and Vienna, 11,671 tons.

A FORMAL NOTE, PERHAPS? (Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.) - Before S/Sgt. Charles Kralj, La Salle, Illinois, writes to his girl, he showers, shaves, combs his hair and changes into O.Ds.

NEW PHONE POLES (Peleliu) - Telephone linemen of the 2d Marine Air Wing here are stringing their wire atop three poles, each braced in different directions and resembling the framework of an Indian tepee. The ordinary types of improved telephone poles will not withstand Peleliu's strong winds and heavy rains.

ONE GI OUT OF 8 PLANS OWN BUSINESS (Washington) - One enlisted man out of 8 plans to operate a business or farm of his own after he is discharged from the services, a recent survey conducted by the I and E Division, ASF, indicates.

Among enterprises listed by servicemen who plan to work for themselves are manufacturing and wholesaling, construction or contracting, retailing food, automotive parts, including repair services, restaurants, etc., transportation, communication and utilities.

WOLF RECRUITS WACS (Indianapolis) - Know the name of the officer in charge of WAC recruiting here? It's Captain Louis C. Wolf.

LAFF O' THE WEEK (FRANCE) - Pvt. Mike Breseiwek received a package from home, labeled "French Dressing." "No one would send French dressing to a soldier in France," he reasoned, "it must be something alcoholic in disguise." He gulped it down. It was French dressing.



By Tec 5 ELY H. FRIEDMAN

The New Year finds Occupational Therapy expanding in all directions. The Annex Shop is now open to receive patients and many new fields have been included in the daily activities. New faces have appeared and new hours have been instituted. Last year witnessed steady progress in the development of the O.T. Department, and this coming year will be marked by "full speed ahead".

The Annex Shop is located next to the Detachment Mess, behind Red Cross Building #1, and at present is staffed by Miss Rhoda Goldstein and Cpl. Ernest Phillips, and both shops jointly by Sgt. Mae Nally and Miss Betty Beatty. We are looking forward to many busy days over there.

Mr. Boris Blai, Dean of The Tyler School of Fine Arts of Temple University, and a staff of competent assistants will visit the Annex Shop on Wednesday afternoons at 1:30 P.M. during January, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons in February. They will work in coordination with Occupational Therapy, instructing in painting, sculpture, ceramics, pottery, jewelry and a host of other activities. This promises to be a valuable feature, and all patients are urged to take full advantage of this wonderful opportunity.

The Main Shop is open Wednesday and Thursday evenings from 7 to 9 P.M. for all Detachment members, Wacs, and Duty Officers. With the help of Special Services, we are endeavoring to obtain materials for the desired activities. All are urged to visit the shop and see for themselves what absorbing activities await them. Come one, come all!!!

PERSONNEL NOTES: Our grand leader, Captain Josephine Springer, is now on a D.S. assignment at Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, New York, instructing Wacs in O.T. work. We all miss her and hope she returns very soon.

Miss Barbara Arnold has been acting leader in her absence, and has been doing a splendid job. Keep it up, gal—you're O.K.

Reluctantly we said good-bye to our two O.T. students, Miss B. Cold and Miss R. Schmuck. They have been assigned to Rhodes General Hospital to complete their apprentice training. To both we say good luck and loads of success.

TAKE YOUR PICK

"A majority can never replace a man. A majority always represents both stupidity and cowardice. There is no principle so wrong as the parliamentary principle."

—ADOLF HITLER, in Mein Kampf

"No man is good enough to govern another without the other's consent."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN



RED CROSS

January is now well under way. The resolutions you made so bravely on that New Year's Eve may be already broken or forgotten. Yet January is still a month for new beginnings and for stock-taking. What has gone is still strongly with us. We remember what a year 1944 was. For many of you the ending of the old year was significant because it meant spending the Holidays in the United States after being away so long. The story of one soldier who arrived here December 4 illustrates how Red Cross made the whole season a very special one for the men in the hospital.

Pvt. Howard Jorgenson, aged 20, is typical of the men we have here. He saw action as a radio operator with the 3rd Division in Africa, Italy and France. He got as far as the Moselle, where his unit was trying to get through the Belfort Gap. He claims to be the only man in the outfit who doesn't have a Purple Heart, though he had his helmet shot off, and the radio shot out of his hands. He puts his own escape down to the fact that he is too thin to make a good target.

Pvt. Jorgenson left France on Thanksgiving Day after spending two months in hospitals there, first in an Evacuation Hospital and then in a General Hospital. Although he lives on Staten Island, he hadn't been home till the weekend before Christmas. Last Christmas he was on maneuvers in Alabama, on his way overseas. He slept out in the hills near Fort McClelland both Christmas Eve and Christmas night and had to march 11 miles for his Christmas dinner a day late.

Jorgy (as his friends call him) is one G.I. who got all the Christmas he wanted this year. He chose his greeting cards from the thousands Red Cross had to distribute, and helped other patients make a selection. Our shopping and wrapping service solved the problem of presents which was bothering him since he had not been able to leave the hospital. He also polished up his dancing at the classes offered in the Recreation Hall one afternoon a week, in preparation for the Christmas festivities he was going to take part in at home.

Like most of the rest of us, Jorgy thinks the most fun at Christmas is decorating the tree and making the place look festive for the holiday. He helped paint Christmas scenes in the windows of the Recreation Hall to look like stained glass, and volunteered as soon as we started talking Christmas to help with the tree. He had two trees to try his skill with: the big one in the Red Cross Hall and one on his ward, which was surrounded by presents for each patient, collected and wrapped through the Red Cross chapters in this part of the State. The tree was one of the things he missed most last year.

During the week before Christmas Pvt. Jorgenson joined the other men in carol singing one afternoon. He also met Myrna Loy when she came to visit the hospital. This was one of our special Christmas surprises for the men here. There was also a big show brought from New York on the 20th, starring Benay Venuta.

Jerry got a big share of Christmas at Tilton but since he went away for the holidays he missed a lot of what was planned. On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day there were big parties in all three Red Cross houses and also for the bed patients on the wards. And on Christmas Eve there were several choirs in the Hospital who sang carols as they went through the wards and corridors. Earlier in the month the Westminster Choir of Princeton had brought a Christmas program to the Hospital too.

New Year's Eve brought more parties in the three Red Cross houses with gay paper hats, confetti, noisemakers and girls! On New Year's Day there were canteens in each house serving delicious refreshments. So the new 1945 was ushered in with gaiety and cheer.

Now we are busy with special entertainments and programs. There have been many antidotes for the dark January days in the form of kitchen parties, tournaments and interesting quiz and bingo nights with lots of prizes. Two special Broadway plays have kept us in tune with the times. Louis Calhern and a supporting cast played in "Goodbye Again" on January 2nd, and Fred Stone came to do two shows of "You Can't Take It With You" on January 7 and 8.

Red Cross hopes that in 1945 it may help every man at Tilton off to a new start:

"Every day is a fresh beginning
Every morn is a world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
Here is a beautiful hope for you - "

The Public Relations Office has been requested to publish this notice. If any person in the Hospital knew Sgt. MacCausland please communicate with his family.

ANYONE KNOW HIM?

Anyone who knew S/Sgt. Alexander J. MacCausland, Jr., of Co. B, 26th Infantry, who was reported missing in action in Belgium on September 7th, please communicate with his father, Alexander J. MacCausland, Sr., 467 Turner Ave., Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. McCausland are very anxious to contact some of their son's old friends and feel that they might be able to do so in this way.

QUACK QUACK

Ring out the Old and ring in the New.....that's what we at Tilton sure did do. The New Year's Eve fracas at the Officers' Lounge was well attended and a huge success if noise and New Year's Day gangreen are any criteria. Al O'Connor is unfortunate or fortunate to celebrate his birthday at the turn of the year, so he was the recipient of two kisses per gal instead of the usual one. Speaking of kissing, Ned Shea and Steve Martin didn't miss a female. What a team!!

New Year's Day gave forth with the usual egg-nog gathering, where everyone commiserated with each other over their puny state of health. "Hot Foot" Shea did a good job at the dispensing,—you had a choice of buzz with fuzz or then again just plain buzz. Marge Henon and Nat Smith were the charming passers of the fruit cake. No one could quite figure out what G-Man Henon's job was — anyway, he never left the kitchen. The most scintillating and vivacious quartet were the Latimers and Wetzels — QUIET PLEASE! After the guests had dragged their weary frames homeward, a few rugged individuals remained for the dregs, such as Marge Henon, Helen Turnbull, Ruth Sears, Helen Shea, Ned Shea, Paul Henon, Bill Epstein, and that clown Johnnie Clark (what a team he and Frediani would make). Ruth Sears took care of the group of brand new Second Lieutenants, all of whom wore the expression of having gotten into a psychiatric ward by mistake. Ned Shea and John Clark rendered several corny bits of harmony and the affair equaled the preceding night in fun.

It's a girl at the Marty Healy's, which makes the score two of assorted sex. The Healys have the distinction of being married at Tilton and bringing two mouths to feed into the world at the same place. The christening will take place on the 14th, when the wee one will be named "Patricia".

We hear from Washington State that Sy Katz slipped and fell on his head. The cause of such a mishap is being widely debated. Did you slip, was you pushed, or how came you, Sy?

That big smile on Joe Brown's face is because he finally got his sleeping bag back from Frediani. Now Joe is no longer exposed to the breezes, but poor Frediani in Carolina freezes.

A letter from Berman in New Caledonia reveals the startling fact that there are now 7,985,625 fruit cakes on the Island as a result of the Christmas boxes from home! He never touches the stuff.

From England comes a card from "Pappy" Dunlap who says everything is fine with him and he's getting used to being an administrator.

From Ethel Klobusicky, ANC, we hear that she is somewhere along the Ledo Road. "The landscape is quite nice, the weather the same, but the wolves sure howl at nite (four-legged wolves). We live in bamboo basas which have five or six rooms. Bathing facilities are about ten blocks away with hot water if you get there at the right time. I've had one hot shower in a week, so guess my timing is pretty poor. I'm trying to decide whether to lose all my friends or keep clean and get pneumonia. I miss Tilton very much, especially at 5 P.M. when I'm trying to down some of this fire water (Indian gin) or warm beer, making believe it tastes like one of Spencer's "Manhattans". We sure miss you too, Kloby.

* * * * *

The Cecil Miller family is enlarged by eleven members - eleven Irish setter puppies! Cecil now has a harem - fourteen women under one roof!!!!

* * * * *

(To Tune of "Sweet Violets")

Major Moore was our orthopedist,
With fractures and bones he was a master;
But over a crutch he did fall,
Broke his wrist and that's not all,
He was covered all over with.....plaster!

* * * * *

What power does 120 pounds of Army nurse have to make a strong-minded Air Corps officer break a New Year's resolution?????

Well, Solong

"DOC" DUCK

CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL!!!!!!

By Tec 5 Pearl T. Jackson

"Live without you? No!!", I cried,
"I'd perish in a day!"
Quite obviously then I lied,
(But in a truthful way).

For several months have come and gone
Since we two said adieu;
I eat and sleep and stumble on
With nary a thought of you.

And June is coming, time of love,
So someone new I'll say,
"Live without you? Heavens above,
I'd perish in a day!!!"

WACTUAL FACTS

By T/5 Pearl T. Jackson

In a radio speech to the nation on January 6th, President Roosevelt proposed that Selective Service be extended to nurses. Regardless of our personal opinions in the matter, (and many of us feel that if nurses are drafted, all women should be inducted in order to avoid discrimination), we all agree that there is a desperate need for nurses at the present time, and since this is "total war", the urgent requirements of the armed forces must be met at any cost. If we need more nurses, we must have them, and if our quota cannot be met on a volunteer basis, then by all means DRAFT NURSES.

The wounded men who fill our hospitals were drafted. They have made supreme sacrifices, though the vast majority of them were not volunteers. It seems lamentable that it has become necessary to draft personnel to care for our soldiers. The fact remains, however, that they must receive ample medical attention. This is primary, and here the end justifies the means. We trust that the necessary legislation will be enacted as quickly as possible, not only in the case of nurses, but in every other profession whose services are needed by our armed forces. We heartily endorse any measure that will hasten Victory and bring to the world the blessings of Peace.

It is the duty of each of us to urge any civilian Registered Nurses we may know to apply for commissions in the ANC without delay. A nurse who cannot meet the requirements for a commission can serve in army hospitals on a civilian basis, and carry her share of the burden with equal pride and merit. It is to be fervently hoped that the next few weeks will witness the voluntary enlistment of thousands of patriotic American nurses, eliminating the necessity of Selective Service legislation. Come on girls,--it isn't a painful duty to serve your country! IT'S A MAGNIFICENT PRIVILEGE!!!

***** * * * * *

Under the direction of Captain Weeks, Information and Education Officer, and Lt. Debin, a new series of orientation programs for enlisted men and women at Tilton was inaugurated on January 1st. The outstanding feature of the series is the fact that each hour will be in the form of a group discussion led by "Discussion Leaders" selected from the WAC and EN detachments. Briefing sessions for the leaders are scheduled each week in order to exchange opinions and increase their knowledge of the topic for the week. The schedule at present includes the following discussion topics: "Fascism", "Democracy", "Know your Enemy, Germany", and "Know your Ally, Russia". The major purpose of these orientation meetings is to stimulate thought by the free exchange of ideas on vital matters. The educational value of orderly group discussion cannot be overlooked, and indications are that the new orientation program will fulfill this expectation.

(It is the firm hope of all concerned that the tendency to snore during orientation hours will no longer exist when all are privileged to participate.)

***** * * * * *

As Chairman of the Suggestion Committee, Lt. Col. Harold V. Fitzgerald has announced that the recent poster contest to promote the Suggestion Program has resulted in a tie for first place. Winners are T/5 Ely H. Friedman, a member of the O.T. Department, and Pvt. John B. Rogers, a patient at the Annex. Both win-

ing posters are elaborately designed, making use of electric light bulbs and other paraphernalia, and indicate that their creators worked painstakingly to produce the desired effect. It is promised that these posters will be displayed at the Information Desks of both sections in the near future. Oh yes, the prizes consist of 7-day furloughs (??????????).

***** * * * * *

And speaking of furloughs, the inevitable has happened again, and that glorious institution has bitten the dust. Ah, the insidious cruelty of that little notice tacked so innocuously on the various bulletin boards: ALL FURLOUGHs AND 3-DAY PASSES ARE CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE." Of course, we have a pittance of consolation in the fact that we lived through it once before—remember? Oh well, who wanted to go home anyway, with the weather so bad, and the meals so delicious right here at Tilton. Besides, our furlough isn't due till Spring, and surely by that time conditions will be so improved that when your editor applies for hers, she'll meet with the gracious reply, "Sure, Jackson. Take 21 days. A nice long rest will do you a world of good."

***** * * * * *

We've been swamped with celebrities during recent weeks, and among the famous personalities to visit Tilton have been Myrna Loy, Connie Boswell, Fred Stone, Louis Calhern, Les Brown and his orchestra, and Virginia Mayo. Many more such visits are planned for the future, and largely responsible for these welcome calls is Captain Robert M. Cushing, Special Service Officer, and his staff, who seize every available opportunity to invite famous personages of the entertainment and sports world to this installation.

***** * * * * *

The Public Relations Office was honored last week by a call from a nervous young fellow, who announced that he was Pvt. Donald A. Parson. After mutual greetings had been exchanged, we inquired tactfully the purpose of his visit, and were informed that he had come to volunteer a bit of vital information for the next issue of TILTON TALK. It seems like Pvt. Parson on January 3rd at 1800 got himself engaged to Miss Lois Wolfe, a civilian employee at Patients' Mess #9. The wedding will take place on the post on February 12th. Good Luck and happiness to you both, and thanks for your cooperation, Donald. Our job would be an easy one if everyone would make it a practice to traipse down to PRO with individual news items of general interest, such as engagements, births, weddings, etc.--or simple confessions like, "Gosh, I think you should put it in TILTON TALK that I have a terrific crush on Pfc Deakes." Instead, we must ferret out these items for ourselves, and life sometimes becomes far too dangerous in the process.

***** * * * * *

Private Grace Curtis, supply clerk of Detachment #3, on January 9th was awarded the Air Medal and three Oak Leaf Clusters on behalf of her son, 2nd Lt. Charles G. Curtis, Air Corps. Lt. Curtis was killed in action last February in England while returning from a raid on Brunswick, and his plane went down over the white cliffs of Dover. He was co-pilot of a B-17 (Flying Fortress), participated in twenty bomber missions, and was cited for his bravery and courage. Pvt. Curtis enlisted in the MC last May, a few months after the news of her son's death reached her. Col. Turnbull presented her with the medal and oak leaf clusters in the presence of Capt. Alter, Capt. Cecil Miller, Lt. Bolk, and Lt. Howard, in a very simple and touching ceremony.

(Cont.)

It has finally happened, and now we have everything! Thanks to S/Sgt Eddie Judge Detachment Mess, now boasts the presence of a radio—Eddie's own personal property which he donated for the good of the cause. Our morale has been lifted to lofty heights thanks to your generosity, Eddie. We now munch our carrot and raisin salad in rhythmic cadence to the tune of "Don't Fence Me In", and the Boston cream pie becomes even more luscious as we devour it in time with a Strauss waltz. Mastication is done in unison by the assorted chow-hounds, the tempo determined by the character of the particular musical composition blasted over the ether waves. Jaws work rapidly to boogie-woogie, but adopt a conservative pace for the string ensemble. Wonderful, ain't it, Mabel?

***** * * * * *

Tilton was well represented at the "Fishbone Party" broadcast over Station WHN on Saturday afternoon at 1:30. This is a weekly variety program to stimulate interest in the current recruiting drive for nurses. Three of our patients, (S/Sgt Bernard Murphy, 1st Sgt. Donald F. Meyer, and Sgt. Howard Black), and Nurse Catherine Stanfield, spoke briefly of their war experiences, and stressed the need for nurse enlistments, after which their individual wishes were granted by the studio, including tickets to the Metropolitan Opera, "One Touch of Venus", and an evening of entertainment at the Stork Club and various other New York night spots. Further broadcasts of this type are planned by Station WHN, and it is believed that Tilton's patients will again be invited to participate.

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It has seeped through our din consciousness that the fellers aren't exactly ecstatic in regard to their recent mass hegira to what was once 1229th Reception Center. Our sincere sympathy to the boys, who now realize what a veritable Paradise they used to inhabit in Barracks 1-4, and 9 of course. If it's any consolation, we miss having you so near to us, fellers, and appreciate the distance between Reception Center and Detachment Mess, especially at breakfast (with the temperature hovering around zero). We trust the heating system is behaving itself by this time, and that you're becoming adjusted to your new surroundings. Nothing like a change to keep from growing stale, you know. Incidentally, the Wacs are taking good care of Barrack #9 in your absence, and some day will return it to you as good as new.

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Bernice Coy and Tony Coveleski became as one on Saturday morning, January 6th, at 10 A.M. Tilton Chapel was the scene, and Chaplain Kines officiated. Flo Van Amber and James Richardson attended the pair. In other words, it was one of those All-Tilton affairs we are becoming accustomed to. Romance doesn't give a hoot for war, pass restrictions, emergency duty, or influx of patients. Upon their return to duty after a weekend in New York, Bernice discovered that she had been promoted to T/5, so now when you see a pair of dark-complected T/5s gaze lovingly at each other at the most unexpected times and places, don't be alarmed. You'll know that's Bernice and Tony. They're swell kids.

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Chaplain Dever has requested us to call to your attention the fact that a program of classical music is presented in the Tilton Chapel every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. A sizeable collection of recordings is available, and it's an all-request program; so this is an excellent opportunity to hear your classical favorites. These musical sessions usually last about an hour, the atmosphere is

the of peace and tranquility, and here we can escape temporarily from the bustle and cares that beset us during the day. Relax and be refreshed at the Chapel on Tuesday evenings.

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Rumors are wonderful. To be more explicit, listen to what happened last Wednesday: Right after Reveille we heard from a member of the Motor Pool that a train with 200 patients was expected that morning. At breakfast one of the mess attendants told us confidentially that two trains were due in that day, each with 250 patients. On our way to Warehouse 5, a little group gathered in front of Medical Supply were excitedly discussing the news that 1,000 patients were due in by the following morning. Farther down the ramp, we encountered a frantic Detachment member who hurriedly confided that Tilton would be a 6,000-bed hospital within two weeks, and we'd all be living in tents in order to accommodate the patients. In the office, the first remark to greet our ears was, "Haven't you heard the latest? Tilton's going to take over all of Fort Dix!! Throughout the day we were bombarded with IRs, like "2500 new patients expected this week!", and "no more weekend passes!", and "six more trains tomorrow!" We finally got around to calculating the number of patients due on Wednesday, taking all rumors into account, and arrived at the astronomical figure of 32,560. Just shows—don't believe anything you hear unless your mother tells you so.

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FLASH!!! Don't even believe your mother!!! The most ghastly IR of them all has become a reality. WEEKEND PASSES HAVE BEEN CANCELLED! As Mark Anthony said at Caesar's funeral, "This was the most unkindest cut of all!" 'Tis well to remember, though, that when things hit bottom, there's only one way for them to go—and that's UP. So we expect a deluge of good news in the near future.

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We're faced with the irresistible urge during these trying weeks to reminisce about "old times"—"old times" meaning those glorious, carefree days prior to the expansion of Tilton. Remember what a nice, comfortable little installation we used to be! Remember how everyone knew everyone else, how our days off were as regular as clock work, how calm were our nerves and how cool were our heads, how nothing ever happened to disturb the unruffled smoothness of our existence? Indeed, 'twas the Golden Age of Tilton. It's hard to believe that we had anything to gripe about then, but if our memory serves, griping flourished as an institution even when Tilton had 34 wards and we knew everybody's name. Well, sociologists tell us that it is this very element of discontent in human nature that makes for progress in the world, so you see, there is a bright side.

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Some of you may be a wee bit puzzled about our cover this week. Mike Piezzo, our artiste de luxe, insists that it represents a winter scene, even though it reminds us of the Poconos in July. Would that it were July. Some of last summer's sizzling weather would be decidedly welcome to our frozen-marrow now. However, such trivial as weather and temperature is the very least of our worries at this point. Time sometimes moves very slowly. It's hard to believe that less than five nights ago we were scampering aboard G.I. trucks bound for swimming parties at Browns Mills, there to frolic merrily until 8 P.M. Upon our return, we'd swamp the P.X. and cool ourselves with G.I. beer, and so to bed. 'Tis surely a sign of old age to yearn after the past and recall old scenes, but none of us grows younger!

SPORTS SLANTS

by Cpl. John W. Bartmann

FOOTBALL CHAMPS RECEIVE AWARDS

Tilton's football champions, Annex Reconditioning and Tilton Reconditioning, have received their respective awards. Each player received a miniature gold football for his fine display of football tactics during the season. The two teams were unable to defeat each other during a season which was highlighted by the strong defensive play of both reconditioning teams. Our hats are also off to the Surgical and Medical detachment teams for their interest and sportsmanship while participating in the league.

Members of the Championship teams were:

Annex Rec.

Tillman
Hoover
Merritt
Vonderlippe
Riley
Perillo
O'Gorman
Bartmann

Tilton Rec.

Wojciechowski
Bieber
Reis
Probert
Hufford
Cripps

Tilton is well represented in the Post basketball league. We have two WAC and two enlisted men's teams entered, so it is evident we are doing our share in cooperating with Post Special Service. S/Sgt. Ted R. Hoover is averaging 13 points a game in the Enlisted Men's League, and should end up among the top-ranking scorers.

Tilton Special Service offers thanks to our WAC detachments for the interest they have shown in our revised sports program. They are taking full advantage of our bowling alleys and also are keeping our name up in the WAC Post Basketball League. Members of our WAC Detachment teams that represented Ft. Dix in a game against Camp Shanks were: June Lottridge, Billie Graff, Margie Decker, Mona Helter, Frances Donley, Mary Miller and Salome Stone.

The big question now is why our bowling alleys aren't being used more. They are equipped with such additional recreational facilities as pool tables, ping-pong, dart boards and playing cards. A coke machine has also been installed.

Lt. Paul Shebbie, former Special Service Officer, is really making a name for himself at Norton D. Baker General Hospital in West Virginia. Lt. Shebbie may bring a basketball team and a couple of bowling teams here to meet our Tilton representatives. If it can be arranged we will have a hearty welcome for him.

ATTENTION ALL OFFICERS: Be on the lookout for the revised bowling league and keep a schedule handy.

LIBRARY QUIZ

HOW YOUR LIBRARY IS USED

CAN YOU GUESS?

(Answers at the bottom of the page are for the two Tilton libraries. They are of approximately the same size and do approximately the same amount of business; so if you know only one library, double your guess for the correct answer.)

- A. HOW many books the library owns? _____
- B. HOW many loans to library patrons were made during the past six months? _____
- C. HOW many people borrowed books from the library during the past six months? _____
- D. HOW many people, excluding those borrowing books for reading outside of the library, read books, magazines and newspapers in the library during the past six months? _____
- E. HOW many magazine subscriptions the libraries carry? _____
- F. HOW many free paper bound books were distributed during the past six months? _____
- G. HOW many scheduled book truck visits to wards were made during the past six months? _____
- H. HOW many times a book truck visited your ward during the past six months? _____
- I. HOW many requests for books not available at time of request were met during the past six months? _____
- J. HOW many new books the library has acquired during the past six months? _____

LIBRARY HOURS: Monday thru Saturday: 9:30-2:30; Sunday: 1:00-5:00.

LOCATION OF LIBRARIES: Tilton (main) - Opposite baggage room on main corridor.

Tilton (annex) - Opposite Ward 60.

A. 10,190; B. 27,971; C. 5,681; D. 15,534; E. 621; F. 10,000-12,000; G. 609; H. 49-66; I. 2,355; J. 845.

ANNEX ANGLES

By Pfc SALOME STONE and Pfc ANN RIZZARDI

Roman mythology has it that Janus was a two-faced god, guardian of all gates and doors (hence, a janitor), and consequently associated with all beginnings. Before the old year has entirely closed its doors to us, and to take advantage of January's unique position in the course of time, we'll reminisce a moment (with the help, of course, of Pfc Knott's magnitudinous vacuum bottle and its fluid contents).

Sometimes, and especially in the face of sobering adversity, it's easier to contend with the new while the past is still a pleasant memory. Taking it all in all, 1944 held much in store for the girls of WAC Co. 3, and we dedicate the following as a sort of paean in perpetuation of its memory.

Perhaps the greatest change for WAC 3 was the merger of Station Hospital with Tilton General Hospital. It meant comfortable new barracks for us, a grand new C.O., and an understanding 1st Sgt. It meant better working hours for the girls on the wards, new opportunities for them in the special clinics throughout the Hospital. Many of them for the first time sensed their true value to the war effort in actually being able to help returning veterans on the road to restored health.

1944 saw many of our girls in the foreign theaters of war, including France, England, and New Guinea, with many more now training for active overseas duty.

A little more sobering was the death of Marion Braun who made the supreme sacrifice for her country, but who had the satisfaction of doing her part here in the hospital, and in turn being helped by those girls who had appreciated her own ministrations.

Then there were those long awaited promotions. Girls were commissioned in physiotherapy and dietetics, and others were accepted for OCS.

Many of our Mles. were changed to Mmes. by Dan Cupid. Hobby hats bowed to fickle Dame Fashion and were sacrificed for the more jaunty overseas numbers. Tropical worsteds and off-duty dresses refurbished the WAC wardrobe.

Toward the end of 1944 Wac #3 became very sports-minded and even braved a softball game vs. the men's ordnance battalion.

As a climax to an eventful year, the Christmas Party, held in the date room, was an outstanding success, probably due in great part to the jolly spirit effused by Capt. Belk, a most expansive Santa Claus. Major McDowell of the Post Signal Corps was among the honored guests. (By the way, we hope he'll come again soon.)

Lt. Belk and her cohorts spared nothing to make our party the success it really was. The decorations were colorful and even included a fireplace. The food was excellent, as usual, and Sgt. Gray outdid herself at the piano playing for the Xmas carollers. George, her Master Sgt., was here for the holidays and we enjoyed having him around.

Christmas gifts abounded, boxes from the Fort Dix Community Service, the American Red Cross, and even a cake set from Gus of the Detachment Mess Hall.

On Christmas morning everyone gathered in the date room for breakfast. Lt. Belk assisted while her husband, Capt. Belk, poured (in wine-colored smoking jacket, if you please).

We're certain no one missed home too much. At any rate, there was a decided roseate hue about the way 1944 ended for WAC 3.

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BARRACKS BRIEFS:

Serenade in the Dark--Every girl has dreamed of her gay cavaliero. Mary Rice has made hers a reality, and has succumbed to the siren's call--a modified wail produced by Cpl. Jim's accordion. Of course, that isn't casting a reflection on Jim's musical ability because he really does well, and despite the fact that he admits it's a tough pull, he insists it's an effective new approach to an old angle. Carry on, Jim, we're all pulling for you.

Post Team--Among the members of the All Post "WAC Basketball Team are Sgts. Sutherland, Miller and Helter, and Pfc's. Dooley and Stone. From accounts, a good time was had by all in the recent excursion to Camp Shanks, even though we lost.

Pioneers--A short time ago an exclusive party was held by the original WAC 3 pioneers to Fort Dix. The anniversary marked 18 months of service here by S/Lgt Wagoner, Sgts. Bokhart, Ainley, Matthews, and T/5s Stevens, Keeney, and Chairs. All have cooks ratings and the excellence of their cooking was self-evident.

Old Wives' Tale--Some of our Louisiana girls have started a "top this one club". Anyway, a discussion was going on concerning cockroaches and post exterminators, when one of the New Orleans maids suggested a concoction of Roach Tea. It seems that down south it's regarded as a panacea for all ills, and such responsible young ladies as Bayhi, Pamburg, and Feucht all attest to the fact. So we suggest that as a tip from New Orleans it be included in the Hospital Inspector's Annual Report as a further measure in the Army's program "for the conservation of matter".

Here's a new riddle: Why is Jeanie Martin like a tree in spring? Answer: She's always ready to leave--for Philly.

Cinderella--It was long past the witching hour when we met our own Cpl. Breiner in the Annex corridors one frigid January morn. Said she, she had just returned from the Met's performance of "Aida". We know just how she felt the morning all too soon after the morning before.

Operating Room Procedure--From Fort Dix to Poughkeepsie, N.Y.--one Pfc. Helen Robinson. (Who told whom?)

"Little California"--When Sally Stone returned from her furlough home, she brought more than just atmosphere along with her. She brought the real thing. How she got past the MP gate is still mystery. On one cozy December eve, she transformed her room into a veritable California oasis with real orange branches fruit and all, clusters of holly, mistletoe, olives, grapefruit, apples,

pomegranites, persimmons, and pears. What was even more paradoxical to the imagination was "Puckish" Stone bearing the olive branch in one hand and a sprig of mistletoe in the other.

Magic Carpet—The entrance to the domicile of Pmts. Geis and Lentz is lined with brown wrapping paper even long after the floor has passed inspection. Where to, pretty maids, where to?

Still retrospect—Lest we forget, appreciation is extended Sgts. Corcoran and Helter for the lovely creche and fireplace which adorned their room during the holiday season. The entire company enjoyed their efforts. Hope those pictures turn out well, Corky.

Need a Pin-Boy?—Contact Angelica Boles....but how it tries her angelic nature. We really feel for you, Bolesy. You know what we mean. To elucidate: Pfc. Boles is always ready to set pins in a pinch. Anyway, Boles is a good bowler.

Library tip: Want any of the latest books? Just get on the right side of Pmts. Harris and Wilson—really accommodating girls.

Still Sleuthing—Information wanted as to the whereabouts of the villain who poured Christmas punch in my shoe the night of our party. We have an idea it was Comrade Stone...could be...olive leaf and the mistletoe. Punishment to be neted out accordingly....K.P. on Ward 44. What's more, we'll get Sgt. Vladikin after her and shock her with a few wellaimed EKGs. It's wonderful working on the cardiac ward; everyone is so cooperative. And by the way, have you heard that Vladie has a new kind of heart trouble?

Well, that's all for now. By the way, we have reveille indoors tomorrow. We did set a good example on New Year's Day. Auspicious beginning to a happier New Year, we hope.

ONE REASON WHY WE HAVE TO FEAR THE GERMANS

A great many people hate the Germans—and say so. A great many others think it is wrong to hate. Don't let us get mixed up in this irrelevant debate. Let us concentrate on the importance of fearing the Germans. Let us fear what they believe about themselves and have always believed—long before Hitler. Let us fear those of our countrymen who, in suggesting plans for Germany's future, are willing to forget her past. We can't do this. All Americans must get it into their heads that when the Germans say they are the destined masters of the world, they aren't kidding. This idea is not a fantasy of Hitler's, nor was it the prewar opinion of Frederick, Bismarck or Wilhelm. It is an idea in German culture. We must fear it and we must get rid of it.

We must find a way to stop drenching the earth in blood every few generations, just to prove to the Germans that they are not better than we are. This will be a tough job to do. They are a tough crowd to deal with. You get nowhere stroking their bristled heads and asking them to be better boys. This method has been tried. The softies have had their innings, and our sons are being killed again. We can't go on being sweet and trusting. We're not playing for marbles. The stakes are spiritual freedom and the lives of men and women—big stakes, grand prizes. They will be won not by the tender-hearted, but by the strong. And only the strong can keep them. Strength! The Germans love it. We must show them plenty.

RECONDITIONING

A new meaning has been placed on the old term "Winter Golf" by the patients of Tilton General Hospital. Every Friday afternoon at 1230, a putting tourney is held in the Reconditioning Activity Building, and the indoor golfers gravitate to the field of contest where, under the direction of various pros and lady members of their clubs the men try their skill. Rugs are spread out on the floor, and the men putt at regular putting disks. Each man holes out three times, with the ladies keeping score, and after the cards have been totaled, \$50 in prize money is distributed among the 35 low scores.

The tourneys are arranged through the cooperation of the PGA and the Reconditioning Service of Tilton General Hospital. The various golf clubs in the Trenton area have donated the prize money.

In the past, the contest has been open only to patients of the Annex. This was to permit the Reconditioning Service to determine the best way to run the contest and to see if the patients would show sufficient interest to make it worthwhile. Now that difficulties are ironed out and patient interest runs high, the tourney is open to patients on both sides of the hospital. It is the hope of the Reconditioning Service that the men in the Hospital will take advantage of the opportunity to win some money and to learn some golf from these pros.

No man has to be an expert to win a prize.

TAKE YOUR PICK

"Whether it's the Old Testament or the New, or simply the sayings of Jesus, it's all the same old swindle. It will not make us free. A German Church, or a German Christianity, is a distortion. One is either a German or a Christian. You cannot be both.....if I wished to, I could destroy the Church in a few years; it is hollow and rotten and false through and through."

-ADOLF HITLER

"The right of each man to worship according to his conscience is the Christian expression of man's relationship to God. The law which protects us from injustice was in its beginning the Christian interpretation of human rights. The political claims which secure our freedom were developed within a Christian framework."

- LORD HALIFAX

PRACTICALLY ANYTHING

There must be something about the atmosphere in Warehouse 5 which makes it a nice place for people by the name of Sprague to work in. Since early in 1944 there have been three girls with that last name employed there, and none of them is related to the other. First there were Martha and Marjorie. Then there was only Marjorie when Martha left to join her sailor husband. Now there are Marjorie and Louise, the latest addition, a tall, very sweet gal from Allentown who, so far as we know, is still fancy-free, a condition which ought to be remedied. We're glad to have you with us, Louise, and hope you like us as much.

Orientation courses for enlisted personnel are matter-of-course these days. That's the way you learn things in the Army- by being told and hearing explanations. What would be a wonderful idea is orientation courses for wives and relatives. It's bad enough to try to explain why you simply can't stay another day longer than your furlough, or why you really have to be back by reveille, but imagine the sad situation of the buck private who wrote to his wife recently and told her about the different things that had been happening to him. He also included the familiar complaint, "Yesterday I caught KP down here which darn near killed me." In reply, from his disturbed wife, he got this terse note: "At last it's happened. I warned you to keep away from strange women."

The cigarette shortage has been manifesting itself in many ways besides just the "two to a customer" rule at the PX. In Portland, Oregon, a stranger walked into a railroad depot and bought a box of cigarettes. On the cover was a picture of Lillian Russell and the tax stamp was dated March 1, 1900... Another Portlander, not so easily satisfied, asked a clerk for some cigarettes and was tartly told, "Why don't you use a pipe?" The customer took the advice, pulled a length of lead pipe from his pocket and used it on the clerk's head... Trying to effect a neat bargain was the man who ran the following ad in the Indianapolis Star: "Will swap three cartons 15-cent cigarettes for information leading to rental of 3-room apartment."....And a new angle, somewhat reminiscent of prohibition days, is reported by a druggist in Onawa, Iowa, who was presented with a prescription from the Onawa Hospital reading: "Tobacco, cigarettes 20. Use as directed. " He filled the prescription...But the prize of them all is the new cigarette machine which has just been patented, and is exactly what we need today - it's a machine which will print cigarette paper in colors to match women's evening dresses. Now, what about a machine that will make cigarettes to match the ones we used to be able to get in cartons?

The retort incisive - the kind ordinary mortals like you and me think of three hours too late - was made at a dinner party by a famous surgeon whose hostess felt that because of his professional training he would be the logical person to carve the roast chicken. She asked him to perform that little task, but all did not go well, unfortunately, and the fowl slipped off the platter and landed squarely in the lady's lap. She was extremely embarrassed but attempted to pass it off with a bit of pleasant banter.

"Gracious, doctor," she bubbled, "I don't know whether I would trust you to operate on me or not."

In his most steely tones the surgeon retorted, "You, madam, are no chicken."

Daffynition: A peeping Tom is a wolf window-shopping.

The dream of many a man going overseas came true, for a little while, for Cpl. Nuckles, most recently of Lincoln Army Air Field, in Nebraska. He had the shortest overseas hitch ever heard of - exactly two days. The Corporal left the United States on a troopship one night, with small hopes of seeing his home town in West Virginia for a long, long time. For some reason, after it was two days out the ship was forced to put back into port. Of course Cpl. Nuckle landed in Italy eventually, but he still claims the record on that first trip.

As you know, or should know, the Separation Center in Fort Dix is quite a large and active place, though separations have fallen off slightly of late. In the glad rush to go home some of the soldiers are apt to react in a peculiar fashion, but none more so than the Pfc. who, already packed and prepared to leave permanently, came into the Captain's office to get his discharge papers and the official blessing. "Please, Captain," he said in a hopeful voice, "I'd like a delay en route."

If there is a worse, God-forsaken and generally forlorn feeling than sitting in front of a typewriter for hours staring at a piece of blank paper, I would not be too interested in experiencing it. There has been a lapse of practically half a day between the last item and this, with bright ideas eluding me in crowds. There have, of course, been phone calls, and suggestions on nurses' recruiting, which is one of the major interests of the PRO currently, but flashes of genius as to how to finish this column? Not a one. Battery must be worn down - like in our car. But I finally did it.

ON WISHFUL THINKING

By Cpl. ARTHUR BIELER, Asst. to I. & E. Officer

It is unfortunate for a human being to have been spoiled as a child. He will go through life expecting someone else to hold a protecting hand over him, someone else to overcome difficulties that may arise. He may be strong enough to take care of himself, but he will not know his own strength, and by the time he will have found out, he will have been hurt considerably.

The Average American, compared to the Average European, is a spoiled child. We are used to radios, motor cars, bath-tubs. We are used to speaking our minds openly, almost any place; we have little fear of our leaders making decisions bringing us discomfort, danger. All of that, both technical and moral superiority, breeds conceit. We find ourselves face to face with our enemy, who enjoys neither the freedoms nor the comforts that have become part of our life. We fight the enemy, and in fighting him, we feel ourselves growing stronger and stronger. We win preliminary engagements, one after the other. Our conceit grows—at least the conceit of those who are not doing the actual fighting. Wishful thinking sets in—the age old vice and degenerating factor. It has existed all along, appearing occasionally in sensationalist newspapers and quotations of prominent personalities.

Now that the hardest core of enemy resistance is reached, now when every ounce of strength should be concentrated into the supreme effort,—now statements are made that the war will be over shortly, that it is time for readjustment. Plans are made on what to do with the yet unconquered enemy; people who have never really known what war means leave their war jobs to avoid the rush of the homecoming soldiers, for the war to them is like a child's sleigh; it was pushed, dragged up the mountain. The work is done, and a little casual steering will get it down the slope.

War does not work that way! It is won when the enemy is annihilated, not before, and the last supreme effort takes more strength and pain than the slow uphill grind. The Germans timed their counter-offensive well. We had made the common mistake of the brilliant, but none-too-experienced chess player, of putting all pieces into the offensive while leaving the king unprotected. One unnecessary move on our side and the opponent brings up weapons that we thought to have rendered ineffective, that we have forgotten about long ago; he checks our king, and while, luckily, not being strong enough to effect a mate, he always, keeping just one move ahead of us, checks the king again and again. More carelessness on our part and he will become more dangerous.

The enemy is a step ahead of us in more than just strategy at the present moment. His Tiger-tank is superior to anything we have to oppose it. He was the first to use robots, jet-propelled planes, rockets, and other equipment. True we have more of each, our country is larger, richer, our production is unimpaired by bombings. We have the deep knowledge that we are winning this war. But this knowledge, based on our great yet unused strength, must not lead us to underestimate the enemy, who is both powerful and cunning. However, if this last "offensive of the Bulge" has awakened us, has shown us that the enemy is as strong as ever, that the war is not in its closing hours, if the spoiled child is forced to prove that it is a spoiled child no more, then the supreme sacrifice of the few who are bearing the brunt of the suffering now will not have been in vain; then we shall be ready to face the future not with unhealthy optimism, but with the well-founded knowledge of our strength, and with the grinding determination to keep it thus.

HUMOR

"What I can't understand," observes Salty Sam, "is how a jury composed of six young men and six young women can be locked up in a jury room for 12 hours and come out and say 'Not Guilty!'".

Tail Skid

Lady: "So you are on a submarine? What do you do?"

Sailor: "Oh, I run forward, ma'am, and hold her nose when we want to take a dive."

Dry Deck

WACs have been wearing the same hat for two years. Shows what a little discipline can do for womanhood.

Ft. Niagara Drum

Inspecting Officer to recruit: "Do your underclothes fit you satisfactorily?"

Recruit: "The undershirt is O.K., sir, but the shorts are a little snug under the armpits."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

A woman never really makes a fool of a man. She just directs the performance.

Borden News

A male shopper, prowling around a department store, squeezed one doll and it hollered, "Mama".

He squeezed another, who yelled, "FLOORWALKER!"

ETB

A drunk watched a sailor enter a revolving door. As the door swung around a pretty young Wave stepped out.

"Now that's changing clothes fast," he muttered. "The Shore Patrol must be tailin' him."

Habit

A young lady who had almost drowned was being revived by a life guard. Frantically her new husband appeared on the scene.

"What's going on? What are you doing to help her?" he screamed.

"Artificial respiration!" exclaimed the perspiring guard.

"Artificial respiration! For heaven's sake, man, I've got plenty of money, give her the real thing."

Baxter Eagle

We met a first sergeant recently who doesn't have room on his good conduct ribbon for all his wild-oat leaf clusters.

Belvoir Castle

A newly-admitted boot was the victim of so many practical jokes that he doubted the motives of all the men. One night, while on guard duty, the figure of one of the officers loomed out of the darkness.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Ensign Moses," replied the officer.

The boot scented a joke. "Glad to meet you, Moses," he said cheerfully.

"Advance and give the Ten Commandments!"

Harpoon

